

## **Hunter Ian**

### **"The Ballad Of Little Star"**

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Ian Hunter)

You don't look a day over ten so why be

Do you have to pretend to be older than you are

Beads and mirrors by your body

And in some roadside bar you feel the pain

Little Star

Lost on a merrygo round, on the game

You can never be found cause you don't know who you  
are

The reservation killed your nation

And in some tourists car you feel the pain

Little Star

You know you know

We grow and grow

We never slow

We always win

And you feel lost

And you feel crossed

And you feel tossed

Just like the wind

Your father will have told you of the wind

Bowed those fine heads that, once proud, roamed the  
plains

They sought nothing to gain 'til our fathers civilised

And broken hearted arrows roamed the skies

Then you were born to feel the pain

Little Star

You know you know

We grow and grow

We never slow

We always win

And you feel lost

And you feel crossed

And you feel tossed

Just like the wind

You know you know

We grow and grow

We never slow

We always win

And you feel lost

And you feel crossed

And you feel tossed

Just like the wind

Your father will have told you of the wind

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